



# Daily Mirror

An Illustrated Paper for Men and Women.

All the News by  
Telegraph,  
Photograph, and  
Paragraph.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## JAPANESE ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.



Japanese artillery of the line getting their guns into position during the concentration on the Yalu. The power of the Japanese guns and the skill of the gunners have largely contributed to the success of the Japanese arms.—(Drawn from photographs and a sketch by our artist-correspondent at the front.)







## RUSSIA'S PERIL.

## Kuropatkin Is Threatened on All Sides.

## GREAT BATTLE IMMINENT.

## Japanese Forces Within Striking Distance of the Enemy.

From the Russian headquarters at Mukden, it is stated that the Japanese are within striking distance, about thirty miles north-east of the Mukden line. The Japanese are also within easy distance of the forces protecting Liao-yang, which stretch in an easterly direction from the railway along the Mo-tien-ling mountain range. Two other columns are reported to be moving further north, to turn the Russian position, and advance on Mukden.

Reports received in Paris from St. Petersburg indicate that General Kuropatkin will avoid fighting at Liao-yang, and retire to Harbin.

The impression at the Japanese headquarters at Antung a week ago, however, was that the Russians intend to make Liao-yang their first line of defence, and that the first great battle will be fought there.

Newchwang was evacuated by the Russians on Monday evening.

The work of clearing Kerr Bay of mines is proceeding, and there is no news of developments at Port Arthur.

## BIG FIGHT EXPECTED SOON.

The best military opinion is almost unanimous in considering a battle imminent. Even if General Kuropatkin wanted to retreat without fighting, it is doubtful whether he could do so now.

Supposing that the Japanese are not yet near enough to the railway to prevent the Russians from using it, it would take him at least a fortnight to transport his 120,000 men to Harbin by rail. Before the fortnight was up the Japs would be upon him. To march would be an even more desperate enterprise. The roads are very bad, and it would be difficult to feed this vast host in their journey across the mountains and away from the railway which brings the Russians a large part of their supplies at present.

Clearly the Japanese are closing in upon Kuropatkin. In all probability we shall soon hear of them cutting the railway between Liao-yang and Mukden. Then the Russian commander will be forced to fight, and it is likely that he will prefer to fight sooner rather than later. To delay would merely mean giving the foe time to mature their plans.

On pages 6 and 7 a map appears showing the difficulties of General Kuropatkin's position.

## Last Night's Telegrams.

## KUROKI'S STEADY ADVANCE.

RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS,  
Mukden, Monday.

The Russian fighting line is steadily nearing Mukden, where the Viceroy's headquarters still remain.

The Japanese are almost within striking distance of the Russians, forty-five versts north-east of the Mukden line. The position which cannot be located, and of the forces protecting Liao-yang, stretching eastward from the railroad along the Mo-tien-ling mountain range.

The Japanese, who are advancing in three columns, are now north of Sui-yen and Feng-wang-cheng.

Two Japanese columns are reported to be working further northward with the object of turning the Russian position and advancing on Mukden. When the rainy season begins at the end of June the plain will be converted into a morass, and will probably result in a practical suspension of operations.—Reuter's Special Service.

The Mo-tien-ling pass is 45 miles by road from Liao-yang.

## RETREAT PREDICTED.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The "Journal" publishes the following telegram from St. Petersburg:—

"It is reported that General Kuropatkin, abandoning Liao-yang, will probably retire to Harbin with 120,000 men, and there await the arrival of 55,000 men from Kharkoff and 50,000 from Moscow."

"According to this report he calculates that he will take the Japanese another six weeks to get to Harbin, and that on their arrival they will find themselves face to face with 225,000 Russians."

The correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" at St. Petersburg says that the Russian Ministry of War a great battle is not considered imminent. He also says it is thought likely that General Kuropatkin will retire on Mukden and Harbin in order to collect a large army and to lure the Japanese further and further into the country.—Reuter.

## LIAO-YANG THE BATTLEGROUND.

JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS,

Antung, May 10.

The Russians are concentrating their forces at Liao-yang, with the intention of making that place their first line of defence. The first great battle will probably be fought there.

No important action between General Kuroki's

army and the Russians is expected in the near future.—Reuter's Special Service.

It will be noticed that the following telegram is dated May 10, since which date the disposition of General Kuroki's advancing divisions must have further imperilled the Russian position.

## RUSSIANS TO FIGHT AT HAI-CHENG.

A Reuter message from Newchwang on Monday night says:—"I have it on the highest authority that the Russians expect to make a resistance at Hai-cheng and then to fall back on Liao-yang, where they will make a determined fight. They have 70,000 men there, and if they are defeated they will not stop at Mukden, but will retire to Tieling, which is the head of navigation for native craft on the Liao-tive, and is 200 miles north of Newchwang."

"The Russians admit that the Japanese Yalu army has advanced to within fifteen miles of Hai-cheng."—Reuter's Special Service.

Hai-cheng is on the railway, forty miles south of Liao-yang, and immediately to the north of Newchwang.

Tieling is on the railway about fifty miles north of Mukden.

## CHINESE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Telegraphing from the Russian headquarters at Mukden, Reuter says:—"A significant feature of the situation is the demeanour of the Chinese population, which may be said to be a barometer of the military weather. A close observer of their expression and general attitude can tell what turn fighting is taking a hundred miles away. They have rapid and mysterious channels of information through which the result of the operations at Feng-wang-cheng was received."

## NEWCHWANG EVACUATED.

NEWCHWANG, Monday.

The evacuation of Newchwang by the Russians was completed last night. The evacuation of the city, which was the last of the Russian positions on the coast, was carried out early to-morrow morning.—Reuter's Special Service.

## RUSSIANS ROUNDED UP.

SEOUL, Monday.

It is reported that a Japanese force has cornered 300 Russians to the north of Anju and is endeavouring to force them out. The Russians have no provisions save what they have obtained by foraging, and these will soon be exhausted.—Reuter's Special Service.

## PORT ARTHUR.

TOKIO, Tuesday.

Admiral Kataoka, in a dispatch dated the 15th, reports that the operation of removing the mines from Kerr Bay is being continued by torpedo boats under the protection of a bombardment by the fleet.—Reuter's Special Service.

## FRENCH TREASON STORY.

More About the Stolen Military Plans.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.

The story of the stolen military secrets is continued in "Le Matin."

The Ministry of War has already had dealings with Fraga—the man who gave up eighty-five plans of fortifications to the "Matin's" correspondent, and had paid him 7,000 francs for three plans of Toulon, which the Dalmatian had in his hands at the time. It would seem strange, "Le Matin" points out, that the eighty-five plans relinquished to the correspondent by Fraga should be as valuable as official statements would lead one to believe, if only eighteen months ago two Government officials met Fraga in Switzerland and bought only three such plans at such a price.

The "Figaro," commenting on the affair, suggests that Fraga was employed by the two other persons implicated, Golio and Mesqui, to copy the plans, which they seem undoubtedly to have stolen and sold to a foreign Power. Fraga kept a copy of them himself, with which to turn an honest penny at a suitable opportunity.

Meantime, the Ministry of War says "It is the affair of the Marine," and the Ministry of Marine exclaims: "It is not our affair; apply to the Ministry of War." Whether the documents and plans contain old or new information, the fact of their theft remains equally unpleasant.

## DINNER AND THE OPERA.

Although such a hackneyed work as Verdi's "Rigoletto" was given at Covent Garden last night, the audience was the biggest so far this season, the house being sold out yesterday morning. The attraction was a double one: Melba and Caruso, it being the rentrée of the famous Italian tenor.

M. Renaud played the part of the "ill-fated jester," as "Rigoletto" used to be called.

The authorities, by the way, have altered the time of commencement of the special performances from 7 p.m. to 7.45 p.m., a change which will be appreciated, as people will now have a chance of getting dinner and yet seeing some of the first act of the opera.

## BOY GENIUS'S TRIBUTE TO DR. JOACHIM.

An enormous audience assembled again yesterday afternoon to hear little Franz von Vecsey's third recital, and the customary scenes of enthusiasm were again in evidence.

The boy played perfectly, as usual, and one of his heartiest applauders was the veteran Joachim, who was seated in the front of the hall, and to whom little Vecsey gave a special bow each time he came on the platform.

As at the last concert, people struggled to get near the boy as he came out of the artists' room, some even following him into the street in order to get a handshake or an autograph.

## GRAND DUCHESS DIES IN A TRAIN.

ROME, Tuesday.

The Dowager Grand Duchess Pauline of Saxony, who was seated in the front of the train, was seized with an attack of syncope when the train was near Orte Station, and died in the carriage before help could be summoned.—Reuter.

## THE LAST JOURNEY.

Impressive Scenes at Sir H. M. Stanley's Abbey Funeral.

## MEETING OF GREAT DEAD.

Sir H. M. Stanley was yesterday laid to rest in the little country churchyard at Pibright, after a memorial service had been held at Westminster Abbey.

It was a simple and impressive procession from Richmond gardens to the Abbey. There was no large crowd, as London judges a crowd, but a number of persons lined both sides of the roadway, some two and three deep, to pay a last tribute of respect to the great explorer, as the oaken coffin passed, drawn by four led horses.

The pall-bearers, who walked on either side of the hearse, included Dr. Livingstone Bruce, the grandson of Dr. David Livingstone; Mr. Mounsey Jephson, a survivor of Stanley's last expedition; and Sir Harry Johnston.

Behind walked Sir Combe Tennant, leading by the hand Sir Henry's young adopted son. Then came four private carriages, in the first of which was Lady Stanley and her mother.

## AT LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

At the Abbey, a representative assemblage filled every seat, the King and other members of the Royal Family sending representatives. As the procession passed slowly up the central aisle a halt was made at Livingstone's grave, over which tributes had been placed. Here the body was allowed to rest for a brief space for silent meditation and prayer.

It was a striking and pathetic incident, the bringing together in death of the two men who had opened up a vast continent to civilisation. Dr. Livingstone, the missionary, and Stanley, the masterful, insistent explorer, who had rescued him from a living tomb.

After the service, which was fully choral, the procession was re-formed, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge, passing the House of Commons, where Sir Henry sat for some years, for the most part a silent member.

The route to the Necropolis station was through North Lambeth, his late Parliamentary constituency, and here most of the shop shutters were closed.

A special train carried the funeral party to Brookwood, and at Pibright the villagers assembled to do honour to the famous Englishman who had passed the last years of his adventurous life among them at his estate, Forse Hill.

On page 7 is a photograph of the funeral procession, and on page 6 a portrait of Mr. Mounsey Jephson.

## FOREST IN FLAMES.

Thirty Acres of Pine Timber Burned Near Tunbridge Wells.

One of the most extensive forest fires of recent years took place yesterday on the Marquess of Abergavenny's estate at Erding, near Tunbridge Wells.

In a short space of time some thirty acres of stately pines, forming a portion of the park in which the historic Erding Castle stands, were transformed into a mass of charred poles.

The fire originated near the line of the L.B. and S.C. Railway, which skirts the forest, and, fanned by a southerly wind, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity.

A remarkable sight was presented as the tongues of flame leapt into the air from a mass of green-foliated trees. Fed by the furze and undergrowth the pine woods burnt like dry materials. The heat was intense and the forest resembled a fiery furnace.

After several hours' work an army of beaters successfully subdued the flames. The cause of the fire is veiled in mystery, but the favourite theory is that of a spark from a passing engine.

## THE MOTOR DERBY.

England May Be Unrepresented in the Gordon-Bennett Race.

Mr. S. F. Edge thinks the Douglas motor-car smash may have the far-reaching effect of withdrawing the English competitors from the Gordon-Bennett race.

Mr. Earp was disqualified at the close of the recent trials in the Isle of Man, the selection committee remarking that the car driven by Mr. Earp would have been given second place but for the mishap at the close of the trials.

Mr. Edge says that Mr. Earp was in no way to blame for the mishap, which occurred through the slipping of the tyres on the road.

He has sent a registered letter to the Races Committee pointing out that the affair was purely accidental, and not brought about by recklessness, and that, according to their own expressed opinion, Mr. Earp is entitled to second place in the team.

If they still adhere to their previous decision Mr. Edge thinks there will be no English team at all. He does not believe anybody wants to represent England unless they feel they are legitimately entitled to do so.

Mr. Edge himself will certainly not compete.

## ARMOUR-CLAD MOTOR AMBULANCES.

The lessons of the South African war in ambulance and hospital work formed the subject of experiments yesterday at Aldershot.

An armour-plated motor was shown and fired at which will not only protect stretcher-bearers in action, but drive an ice machine and transport supplies.

An anti-entric water-cart has been invented, in which the water is boiled and cooled before being used.

## TIBETAN WAR.

Government Will Chastise the "Rabid Barbarians."

## THE MISSION IN PERIL.

"We are no longer in Tibet on a peaceful mission. We are at present at war."

This was the momentous declaration made in the House of Lords yesterday by the Earl of Hardwicke, in reply to a speech by Earl Spencer, who asked for an explanation of the Government policy in Tibet.

The Earl of Hardwicke argued that the difficulties that had recently arisen in Tibet did not prove that the Government's policy was wrong, but they had a danger to face which was far more serious than had been anticipated. Circumstances had so changed during the last few days that until we had by force of arms vindicated our position and shown the Tibetans that we were not to be trifled with by his Majesty's Government ought not to be called upon by the Opposition to pledge themselves as to the form the settlement should take when hostilities were concluded.

This speech did not satisfy Lord Tweedmouth, who charged the Government with having decided upon this mission without realising what it was certain to lead to.

The policy of the Government in this matter had landed us in a most serious difficulty.

## "RABID BARBARIANS."

Lord Lansdowne rose to defend the Government of India from the suggestion that they had dealt in a precipitate or vindictive manner with the Tibetans. On the contrary, the Indian Government had been long-suffering, and it was not until its patience had been tried to the breaking-point that it determined to take measures to vindicate our authority.

It was not likely that the Government, having deliberately announced a policy, should be driven from it merely because their mission had been attacked by a few rabid barbarians. The Government reserved to themselves certain discretion to carry the operations to a conclusion that should be honourable and satisfactory to themselves.

Ministerial cheers greeted these statements.

## FEARS FOR THE MISSION.

"It looks as if our policy of 'drift' in Tibet might lead to a very serious disaster."

In these words an Indian administrator of long experience confided yesterday to a *Mirror* reporter the uneasy feelings aroused in his mind by the news from the special correspondents with the Tibetan Expedition.

"I do not," he continued, "at all like the notion that our troops may be cut off. Why the Tibetans did not threaten our line of communications before is a matter for surprise. Now they are doing so in earnest, and it seems to me to create a grave situation."

"The Indian troops which are under orders to act as guards upon the line of communications cannot take the offensive for at least a week or ten days. Suppose that, in the meantime, General Macdonald's force should be isolated and attacked on all sides. You may say that the Tibetans are not well armed enough to be really dangerous. I am not at all sure upon that point. They may have a far greater number of modern weapons than we suppose."

## TIBETANS NOT SAVAGES.

"It is quite true that General Macdonald says there is absolutely no cause for alarm. But you may recollect how often the same thing was said during the Boer War. The Tibetans have got some heavy guns, and appear to be massing in very large bodies. Even untrained bodies of savages have before now overwhelmed British troops by sheer force of numbers. And you may take it from me that the Tibetans are not savages by any means."

## STILL AGGRESSIVE.

Reuter's correspondent at Simla telegraphs yesterday:—

"The Tibetans have mounted at Gyantse Jong several more jingals and a four-pounder, but their fire is ineffective."

"They have occupied a monastery two miles to the north-west. Some postal horsemen have been fired on, but they repulse the enemy. The troops coming from Chumbi should reach Gyantse on the 24th inst."

## £2,000 FOR INSPECTOR MELVILLE.

Surrounded by a goodly company of his friends and admirers, Superintendent Melville, of Scotland Yard, was made the recipient of a handsome testimonial in the Westminster City Hall last evening on the occasion of his retirement.

The presentation took the form of a handsome vellum and cheque, which amounted to considerably over £2,000, the subscribers to which numbered almost a thousand. The vellum contained representations of the numerous Orders which have been conferred on Mr. Melville by almost all the crowned heads of Europe.

Mr. Melville's service has extended over thirty-one years, and he has assisted in the suppression of several Anarchist conspiracies.

## "TRIFLERS NEED NOT APPLY."

Smart young warrant officer in cavalry regiment, with private income, would like to correspond with accomplished young lady; young widow not objected to. Triflers need not apply. Photos exchanged.—Sergeant-Major F. M., V.C.

The above advertisement, it is alleged, was inserted in an advertisement by John Morrison, an ex-drover, with a wife living, who was remanded at Westminster charged with defrauding Chelsea landladies. He is said to have posed as orderly in personal attendance on Lord Roberts.

Two replies to his matrimonial advertisement are stated to have been received.

A Girvan fishing boat foundered off the Ayrshire coast on Monday, her crew of three men being drowned.



A boy named Perkins was drowned in the Thames while bathing near Battersea Bridge yesterday.

An operatic version of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," the music for which has been composed by Mr. Elliot Schenck, is about to be performed in America.

The decapitated remains of Mr. Percy Beerling, of Margate, were found on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway line yesterday just beyond East Margate Station.

Mr. Justice Bucknill considers "that when a judge has sat from 10.30 to 4.30 it is enough for any man," and accordingly rose at 4.30 at the Liverpool Assizes. Mr. Justice Jeff, in the Civil Court, sat considerably longer.

"Aye, lad, and th'd'n he a good deal more if th'd did a shift w' me," was the retort of a collier to a barrister, who, at Liverpool Assizes, said he had learned a good deal during the hearing of a colliery case the last two days.

#### STRUCK OFF THE ROLLS.

George Ernest Thompson Edalji, the solicitor who had been convicted at the Staffordshire General Sessions in October last, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for cattle maiming, was struck off the Rolls yesterday.

#### MILKMAIDS GETTING SCARCE.

The feature of the Sleaford May hirings fair, which was attended by thousands of servants of both sexes, was the disappearance of the milkmaid. Scarcely one in fifty of the girls who accept farmhouse engagements will now undertake the duties of milking.

#### FATAL STRUGGLE AT ACTON.

Mr. Bickley, a foreman at the Great Western Railway extension works at Acton, refused to pay off two men, and in the evening they attacked him. The foreman said that he stooped down to avoid a blow from one of the men, who fell over his shoulder and subsequently died from his injuries. At the West London Police Court yesterday, Bickley was charged with manslaughter and remanded.

#### NO RENT, RATES, OR TAXES.

Near Clapham Junction, on a piece of land between the lines of the South Coast and the Chatham railways, is an encampment of van dwellers, who remain there all the year round. The County Council has no authority over the ground, and until the railway companies take action the campers will live free of rates, rent, and taxes.

#### BURGLAR A WORKHOUSE.

A workhouse does not seem to offer great temptation to a burglar, but John H. Dunn, of Sheffield, was at Rotherham remanded on the charge of breaking and entering the Rotherham Union Workhouse with intent to commit a felony.

When charged at the police station he replied, referring to certain tobacco and other property found on him, "It is no good saying I have not taken them, as they are there."

#### SENSELESS LUXURY CONDEMNED.

"At this season of the year, remarks 'Country Life,' it is desirable that an energetic protest should be made against the stupid fashion of treating plovers' eggs as a luxury. In point of fact this is one of the silliest ideas imaginable.

Not one in a thousand of those who eat these eggs can tell, except by the colour of the shell, whether they were laid by a seagull, a curlew, a pheasant, or a partridge. The eggs of the plover have no flavour peculiar to them whatever; and, indeed, what are sold as plovers' eggs are in most cases those of other birds.

#### TONS OF SCENERY BURNT.

Ten thousands pounds worth of theatrical properties were destroyed in the fire that burnt out the old Queen's-road Theatre, Battersea. All costumes and scenery in connection with three sets of "Toreador," three sets of "San Toy," the gorgeous pantomime "Cinderella," presented in Liverpool at Christmas, a "Lady Molly" set, and several other pantomimes were burnt, and the remains of all these beautiful costumes and scenery presented a strange appearance yesterday among the ashes and charred timber.

The flammable materials blazed fiercely, and the brigade had the greatest difficulty in preventing it attacking the surrounding property. All the damage is covered by insurance. The scenery was the property of Mr. George Edwards and Mr. Malone.

#### "RUINED BY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY."

This was the story a thief, who had formerly been a photographer, told a magistrate yesterday.

"So many people take photographs for themselves nowadays," he said, "that professional photographers are not wanted. My occupation is gone."

Most amateurs use their cameras "for the fun of the thing," but if they send to the "Mirror" pictures of incidents or objects of general interest, they will be able to pay all the expenses of their hobby, and perhaps have a little over. They must address the

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,  
"Daily Mirror,"  
Carnegie-street, London, E.C.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

For selling a paill of coal for 11d. without having weighed it Alfred Ingham, coal dealer of Sparkhill, was fined 40s. and costs.

There are said to be over 700 centenarians in Germany, in France there are 219, in England 146, in Scotland 46, in Norway 23, in Sweden 10, in Belgium 5, and in Denmark 2.

Charged with drowning her baby in the River Tay, and attempting suicide afterwards, the wife of a ship's carpenter named Webster, of Dunblair Ferry, Dundee, was yesterday committed for trial.

A man who had robbed a till in Tower-street, Westminster Bridge-road, was chased and captured in Waterloo-road. Handing back the money, he asked to be let go. He was remanded at Southwark yesterday.

#### MOTOR CYCLIST KILLED.

At the inquest at Tunbridge Wells on the body of Alfred Elce, aged twenty years, the young motor cyclist who died through a collision with a milk cart, evidence went to show that Elce was talking to a companion, also on a motor cycle, just before the collision, and apparently did not notice the approach of the milk cart. He was on his wrong side of the road, and the collision was stated to have been quite unavoidable.

#### A DUAL CAPACITY.

A singular licensing case was heard at Hyde, when a solicitor applied for sanction to carry out improvements at the Butcher's Arms. All they wanted was to put in new windows and new doors, the place having up to now been used both as a public-house and a butcher's shop.

#### VICAR WOULD NOT PAY HIS FARE.

The Rev. Philip Haines, vicar of St. George's Church, Wigan, and seventy-seven years of age, was summoned for unlawfully avoiding the payment of his fare on a Wigan Corporation tramcar. He admitted that he had refused to pay, but said he did it as a protest because the car did not stop for him when he first signalled it. He was fined 20s. and costs.

#### VERSATILE BANKRUPT.

William Friese Green, at the Old Bailey yesterday, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the second division for not informing creditors that he was an uncharged bankrupt.

It was claimed for him that he had invented the cinematograph, introduced the picture postcard, and taken out forty-six patents between 1891 and 1893.

#### "LET THE PARSON DOWN LIGHTLY."

At Southport Leon Jagard, in the employ of Canon Blundell, of Halsall Rectory, was fined £22 and costs for driving a motor-car at an excessive speed on April 30.

A witness, who said he was accustomed to drive railway trains, expressed it as his opinion that the car was going at sixty miles an hour, but when he learned the car belonged to a parson he knocked off twenty miles in order to "let the parson down lightly."

#### SUICIDE'S SWEETENED CUP.

In a Whitechapel restaurant a customer drew the waiter's attention to the fact that a man, who had been served with a cup of tea, was using "half a basin of sugar." The man was in consequence turned out, to be found twenty minutes later dead on a doorstep in the neighbourhood.

At the inquest yesterday it was stated that the cup from which he had been drinking was half full of sugar, and also contained oxalic acid. The coroner remarked that the man, whose name was given as Moses Knibbs, had evidently attempted to sweeten his life before taking it.

A verdict of Suicide was returned.

#### CONSTABLE WITH KLEPTOMANIA.

William Gordon, a police constable in the Burnley force, has been committed to prison for one month for shop breaking and stealing two cigar boxes from a tobacco shop.

The Chief Constable stated that the prisoner came to Burnley with an excellent character, but he had been pilfering for some time, and, strange to say, many of the things he had taken were useless both to himself and others.

Witness produced a number of candles, beat books, pocket books, ties, etc., which had been found in prisoner's box at his lodgings, and said he had already been supplied with some of the books, so that he did not need them. However he went it seemed impossible for him to come out of a shop without taking something, as if he had a kind of kleptomania.

#### BIG BLAZE IN ST. PANCRAS.

For two hours early yesterday morning an 18in. gas main which had exploded blazed furiously at the back of the Midland Railway Company's St. Pancras coal depot, about a hundred yards from St. Pancras-road. The loud report caused great alarm in the district, the force of the explosion tearing up the ground in the depot to a considerable extent, as well as damaging the permanent way.

The blaze of gas lit up the streets for some distance, and firemen with nineteen or twenty engines were soon on the scene.

The firemen found, however, that they could not cope with the flames by the ordinary methods, and the fire was directed to preventing damage being done to the property around. Large quantities of coal and combustible materials were stored close by, and great danger was feared from the proximity of large gasometers at the gasworks.

It was not until the gas supply was cut off that the flames subsided. A photograph of the scene is reproduced on page 6.

A man and woman charged at Coventry with neglecting their children were stated to have kept thirty-two birds in their bedroom.

The Bishop of London has forbidden the Rev. A. L. Lister, vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington, to preside at a lecture to be given by Mrs. Besant on "The Necessity for Reincarnation."

While searching for birds' nests at Finton, Abergenshire, James Cushnie lost hold of the rope by which he was suspended over the precipice, fell 150ft. into the sea below, and was killed instantly.

Charged with snatching a scarf-pin worth £8 from Mr. William Kemp, a West Dulwich insurance manager, as he was leaving the Palace Theatre, two men were remanded at Marlborough-street yesterday.

#### PLAY BY MISS ALMA TADEMA.

It is stated that Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, daughter of the famous painter, will shortly produce her new play, "A Merciful Soul," at Antwerp, a well-known Flemish litterateur having translated it.

#### BLACKBIRDS IN THE PLAYGROUND.

The boys of the National School, New Malden, discovered a blackbird's nest containing three eggs in a hedge in the playground.

Not one of the 250 lads molested the parent, and when the eggs were hatched they fed the mother and youngsters, which they have not done since, Dick, and Harry.

#### DOG WORRIED THE POLICEMAN.

When a policeman attempted to arrest James Mooney, of Tottenham, who was drunk and inciting two dogs to fight, Mooney, after throwing the constable to the ground, set one of the dogs to worry him.

The dog had torn the policeman's tunic in several places before help arrived, and Mooney, who had been previously convicted, was sent to prison for three months.

#### SWARM OF BEES IN WANDSWORTH.

A swarm of bees created considerable excitement in Wandsworth by settling on the railings of a house in Eglantine-road.

A police-constable was stationed in the road to regulate the crowd while a resident in the neighbourhood removed the bees. He put on kid gloves and tied a window-blind over his head, and at last succeeded in getting the swarm into a cleese-box.

#### BOY'S SPORT JEOPARDISES LIVES.

When a Herne Hill boy named Sidney Cole placed a stone on the down metals of the L.C. & S.W. Railway at Somerleyton Bridge, Brixton, he was seen by a police-constable and caught.

It was a pity that two other boys who were with him and indulging in the same dangerous amusement were not also caught, said the Lambeth magistrates, who were considering the lives of passengers, sent Cole to the Remand Home for a week.

#### LEFT THE CHAPEL TO FIGHT.

A regrettable sequel to a religious feud is reported from Cefn Mawr, a popular industrial district near Ruabon, North Wales. At a Nonconformist chapel trouble arose through a dispute between the lady organist and the lady leader of the choir at the chapel as to the right to select the hymns. The members became implicated, and sides were taken. The pastor failing to reconcile the parties has now resigned, as a protest, and some of the organists have also resigned.

Matters reached a climax on Sunday night last, when two male members—one of each faction—rushed out of the chapel into the street, where words led to a test of physical strength. The combatants, who were quickly surrounded by a large crowd of spectators, fought for some time, and one was knocked down. Police proceedings will probably follow. It has been suggested that owing to the "split" in the members, a new chapel might be erected, but neither party is anxious to vacate the old chapel.

#### NOT A PLAY AT ALL.

The Stage Society and Mr. R. O. Prowse have yet to learn the difference between a drama and a novel written in dramatic form. "Ina," which the society produced for Mr. Prowse on Monday and yesterday at the Court Theatre, is not a play at all, but simply four scenes out of a woman's life put upon the stage without any dramatic skill. There is a certain amount of interest in these scenes. The characters are quite human, and they talk naturally enough. But they could not compel the interest even of a Stage Society audience, which always goes to the theatre hoping, and even believing, that it is going to assist at the production of a Great Work.

Miss Granville made the best impression among the players. She played a light comedy part with an exquisite touch and charming humour. It is a rare talent to be both natural and fascinating, but Miss Granville certainly has it. Mr. Dawson Milward played a difficult part with much skill, and quite averted the house in his death scene, so powerfully did he handle it.

#### TWO COUNCILS FOR ONE PARISH.

An extraordinary deadlock in the township of Pilling was investigated by the Lancashire County Council committee yesterday. The parish council election in March had been declared void because of irregularities, and a second election resulted in almost a complete change of members. But the members of the originally elected council refused to be extinguished, the consequence being that last month two councils sat simultaneously in different rooms in the village school, and appointed different sets of officials. Proof being forthcoming that the second parish meeting was not legally convened, the committee annulled that also, and ordered a third election, as the chairman said, to settle matters once for all.

Five hundred evening students at the Manchester School of Technology are over the age of thirty years.

For stabbing a man in the arm with a batpin, Nellie May, bookbinder, Blackfriars, was sentenced to two months' hard labour at Southwark yesterday.

Earl Carrington has granted a reduction of rents to his allotment-holders in the Aylesbury district in consideration of their losses through the floods of last year.

A bronze memorial statue, costing £3,000, is to be erected on St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, to the memory of the twenty-five officers and 655 men of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers who fell in the South African war.

The coming holidays promise to be the least enjoyable experienced by Lancashire factory workers for quite a quarter of a century, many of the usual excursions in connection with public institutions having been abandoned on account of scarcity of money.

#### WIDOW FOUGHT FOR HER PIPE.

At Wakefield Catherine O'Brien, widow, was charged with having assaulted the portress at the workhouse.

Prisoner was found smoking a pipe in the bathroom, and on the portress attempting to take it from her she struck her in the side. The constable had lbs. 6d. to pay, or fourteen days.

#### WOMAN'S FATAL STUMBLE.

At Stratford Market Railway Station a woman was seen to stagger out of a railway carriage across the platform, and fall against the wall. So heavily did she fall that she broke her neck.

Except that she wore a wedding ring, four other rings, and gold earrings, and had a tooth missing, there was little by which to identify the woman.

#### ASSAULT CAUSES LOSS OF MEMORY.

When Alfred Jenner, twenty-two, a labourer, of Lowden-road, Lower Edmonton, was charged at Clerkenwell with causing grievous bodily harm to P.C. Heaney, the police surgeon said the injured officer had sustained concussion of the brain, which had caused him to lose all memory of the incident. It was possible, but not probable, that recollection of the affair might return to him.

Accused, who said he knew nothing whatever of the matter, was remanded.

#### DISTRACTED BY PARROTS.

A lady who occupies the upper portion of a maisonette complained at Marylebone yesterday that the occupants of the lower portion kept parrots, whose screaming gave her awful headaches, robbed her of her rest, and hindered her in her writing and her studies.

Sometimes, she said, the people below went out of town from Saturday to Monday and left the parrots behind screaming all the time.

The magistrate sympathised with the applicant, but said she was afraid she had no remedy.

#### ORCHESTRA UNDER GELATINE.

At Drury Lane Theatre yesterday Mr. Manners, who opens his opera season there on Saturday next, tried an ingenious device for blending the sounds from the orchestra with the singers' voices.

Sheets of gelatine were placed over the instrumentalists, throwing the sound on to the stage, so that it came into the auditorium blended with the voices. The experiment was a great success, and the gelatine sheets will be used during the public performances.

#### COSTERMONGERS WERE MISLED.

When the costermongers, who, when driven from their pitches in East Ham by the electric tramway, took refuge in Catherine-road, were summoned at Stratford yesterday for causing an obstruction, they said the council gave them permission to stand in the road.

The solicitor for the council said that was not so. The local authority had only refused at one time to prosecute. The chairman of the Bench said he feared the costermongers had been misled, but they must pay 5s. each.

#### LONDON'S UNDERGROUND TRAMWAY.

Considerable progress has been made with the underground work in the new thoroughfare from the Strand to High Holborn. The road will be laid on steel girders which are now being placed across the top of the light tram subway, and the two subways through which all the conduit pipes for gas, water, electric lighting, and the telephone will pass. The main sewer has been diverted.

The tram subway, 30ft wide and faced with white glazed tiles, from Great Queen-street to Little Queen-street is now nearly completed, and the work is being rapidly extended from Holborn to Theobalds-road. The section of the roadway, which has been blocked to vehicular traffic, will probably be reopened in three months.

## FOR YOU

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A ROYAL PORTRAIT PAINTER AND HER PICTURE.



Princess Lvoff-Parlaghy, the favourite pupil of the great painter, Professor von Linbach, has painted the portrait of King Peter of Serbia, and the work is considered a wonderful likeness.



The new portrait of King Peter of Serbia, in the uniform of a Servian Field-Marshal. This photograph of the painting was specially given to the "Mirror" by Princess Lvoff-Parlaghy. See page 9.

ONE OF STANLEY'S PALL-BEARERS.



Mr. Mounteney Jephson, who travelled over from the Continent to act as one of Sir H. M. Stanley's pall-bearers. He is the only surviving officer of the expedition to relieve Emin Pasha.

THE NAMELESS PICTURE.



A prize of a guinea for finding out the missing name. Ask your friends if they know. See page 9.—(Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.)

HELPING THE TIBETANS AGAINST ENGLAND.



Mongol Buriats, who are said to be assisting the Tibetans against the British Mission. They are usually spoken of as a white race, but except for the fact that they are Russian subjects, and frequently have a Russian education, they would more properly be classed as a yellow race.

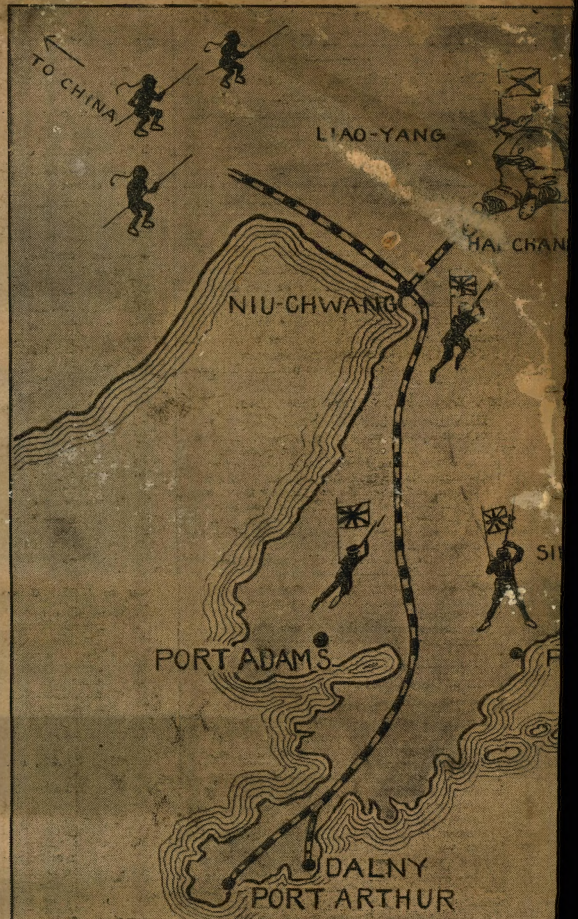
"EVENING NEWS" IS PRINTED ON YELLOW TO-DAY. SEE FOR YOURSELF. AN OBJECT LESSON IN CIRCULATION.

BRITISH CAMP IN TIBET.



A view in the camp of the British Mission to Tibet, pitched in the Chumbi Valley, 30,000 feet above the level of the sea. Reinforcements are being hurried forward from India to protect the British lines.

KUROPATKIN



This picture-map shows General Kuropatkin's difficult position at the advancing Japanese, or he can attempt to retreat on Harbin. If he retreats he will probably only succeed in saving half his men, as the

YESTERDAY'S GAS MAIN FIRE AT ST. P.



Early yesterday morning the eighteen-inch gas main at the back of Coal Depot, and within a hundred yards of St. Pancras-road, exploded. A large fire brigade force was unable to put out the flames, which were extinguished by cutting off the gas supply.—(From sketches on the spot.)

SIX-YEAR-OLD HEROINE.



Little Lizzie Smith, of Kettering, aged six, has been presented with a silver watch and chain by the local fire brigade for her heroism in rescuing her baby brother from a burning house.



DILEMMA.



moment. Either he can stay at Liao-yang and give battle to the  
ao-yang he risks defeat, as he is outnumbered. If he attempts to  
no is a single one, while the defeat of the remaining troops would

S.

AN ACTRESS SWINDLED.



Miss Ethel Clinton, the actress, for the theft  
of a ring belonging to whom a young man  
named Vernon, masquerading under the name  
of Julian Ralph, was found guilty at the Old  
Bailey.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

nd Railway  
ught fire.  
ultimately  
e-witness.)

PARK FOR BOLTON—OPENED TO-DAY.



public park, known as Lever Park, has been presented to the town  
W. H. Lever, of Lever Brothers, the soap manufacturers. It is to  
be opened to-day.—(Photograph by W. N. Knowles.)

MR. HOOLEY IN THE DOCK AT BOW-STREET, YESTERDAY.



Yesterday Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley and Mr. Henry J. Lawson appeared again in the dock of the  
Extradition Court at Bow-street, charged with conspiracy to defraud. Mr. Hooley (who wears a  
beard) and Mr. Lawson were very busy taking notes during the day's proceedings.—(Sketched in  
court by a "Mirror" artist.)

IT WAS SUMMER YESTERDAY IN HYDE PARK.



The sun has roused London once more to happy outdoor life, and the parks are  
daily filled with gaily-dressed crowds. Hyde Park was a fascinating sight  
yesterday.

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY PASSES TO HIS REST.



Yesterday the funeral procession of the great explorer passed along Whitehall from his  
Richmond-terrace to Westminster Abbey. During the service in the Abbey the coffin rest  
slab which marks the tomb of Livingstone.—(Photograph by Hutchinson.)



# HOW TO WIN A MAN'S HEART

## DAMSELS IRRESISTIBLY FASCINATING.

### THE SUSCEPTIBLE AGE OF THIRTY.

"A woman," says one of our most popular playwrights, "can do anything with a man as long as there is not another woman!" And this is invariably true. Any woman not absolutely repulsive can win any man's heart, unless he is already in love with someone else.

Possibly the masculine readers of the *Mirror* will not be over-ready to admit the correctness of this assertion. Many, indeed, remain in blissful ignorance of its truth! Yet no masculine heart can long withstand the incursions of the eternal feminine, and did women only understand their own advantages, they could marry almost whom and when and how they choose. But they don't! Bless their little hearts, how should they know that their mere presence exercises a potent charm—that poor, weak man, should they show the slightest inclination, is ever ready to fall a victim to their fascination? For the naughty, cold, keep-your-distance heroine of fiction finds few admirers in real life.

"Men," a student of the human race tells us, "at twenty fall in love with every pretty face they look at; after thirty, with every pretty face that looks at them!" Listen to that, O ye damsels who would win a man's heart, and extract the grain of wisdom that lies hidden in its exaggeration.

To win a man's heart, my merry maidens, show him first that you have one to win. Be your own bright, natural selves. Talk to him as you would to any dear friend—better still, encourage him to talk to you by showing your interest in everything that interests him. Nothing appeals to a man's heart more than an attentive listener.

If you are witty, be chary of exhibiting your powers. Men prefer to amuse rather than be amused. Besides, should he be slower-witted, he has a certain fear of the clever, brilliant woman,

and when he is equally flattered—well, he has no desire for a rival near his throne.

Above all, underdresses, never be flippant. A man may scoff at many things, but anything but a pattern of the virtues, even in his heart of hearts, he cordially dislikes the woman who, often as a

about you are as fresh as a rose because a machine is used in its production by the twentieth century descendant of the second-hand dealer.

My cousin, commenting upon the piece while the attendant fetched me another evening gown to look at (I had already bought a black tulle one,



This very pretty flower blouse is made of champagne coloured batiste, and has a cross-over of coarse Russian lace, homestitched upon silk and edged with a fold of pale blue taffetas fastened in a bow at the waist.



A Breton sailor hat with a mauve and green plaid straw brim, trimmed with a scarf of mauve taffetas and tiny tea roses.

mere pose, indulges in a gibe at religion or conventionality. Show him your wish to earn his good opinion, and, in earning that, in nine cases out of ten, his heart will go with it.

## RAIN-PROOF FLOWERS.

### ARTIFICIAL BLOSSOMS BAD WEATHER CANNOT HURT.

An English visitor to Vienna the other day was not a little surprised at the seemingly miraculous immunity presented by the flower-adorned hats of a party of ladies in the Prater, who had been often burst upon Vienna.

The great park, that favourite resort of the Viennese fashionable world, was crowded with gaily-dressed promenaders in their loveliest spring attire, when the unexpected deluge suddenly descended, with disastrous results to all except a party of four ladies, who, nevertheless, had borne the brunt of the storm, like everyone else, before they reached the friendly shelter of the Lusthaus Restaurant.

Removing their dripping hats and simply giving them a gentle shaking, these ladies then resumed their headgear, whereupon the flowers appeared even fresher and more life-like than ever. They were the invention of a beneficent Austrian genius, who deserves the undying gratitude of the feminine world for his discovery that celluloid, prepared in a special way, provides a material out of which the most delicate artificial flowers of every kind can be made—flowers that are not only almost undistinguishable from Nature's handiwork, but are absolutely uninjured by the heaviest downpour of rain.

## A DEBUTANTE'S SEASON.

### PART III.—THE SECOND-HAND CLOTHES BUSINESS.

I am quite sure that my chaperon, when she entered the Dress Exchange from whose portals I meant to bring away the nucleus of my season's outfit, expected to find herself immersed in a sea of tumbled tulle, dragged satin, and dusty millinery. Conservative folk, perhaps naturally, connect the old clo' trade with bargains of very doubtful merit. They do not understand the business as it is carried on in its latest developments.

The proprietress of the establishment, at my request, showed us, first of all, her model toilettes, lovely gowns that had never been worn at all, fresh from the smartest Parisian, Viennese, and London houses. "Do you remember," I asked my chaperon, "my saying I would impart a secret of the Dress Exchange business to you? Here it is. The modern old clo' woman does not deal in the old clo' at all, but bases her business upon wares, the essential point of which is that they are not old. These models were bought first-hand from their designers, and are splendid and up-to-date creations. Then the hats and toques, the lingerie and shoes, the cloaks and tailor-made suits you see

sequined all over with great splashes of moonlight-blue and sunset-red discs that were supposed to represent fireflies on a summer's night), remarked that she did not think the things were exactly cheap. Not are they, save relatively, at the best places of this type. But one does buy bargains there all the same. A racing suit of fashionable shepherd's plaid taffetas, with a turned-back bolero revealing a soupon of blue Japanese embroidery upon black satin, and the most cunning sleeves, terminating in big puff cuffs of parchment cloth with blue glaze links to fasten them, amounted to only eight guineas, though a week before it could have cost its original owner less than £35.

## OUR SERIAL.

### Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

\*\*\*\*\*  
CHAPTER XXXVII. A False Hope.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Before the maid could answer Herbert Daventry's inquiry, Janet came swiftly out into the hall and stood facing her husband.

"I am at home, and I will see you now," she said. "I know what has brought you here." There was scorn in her eyes, but her voice was quite even and steady. She turned to the maid. "North, you may take this person into the drawing-room."

Daventry paused for a second, looking at her doubtfully, rather surprised at his reception; then he came in, and with a pitiful little attempt at swagger followed the maid into the drawing-room. This man knew the truth about Elsie's disappearance—Janet was convinced of that—and before he left that room the truth should be told.

"Well?" she asked, curiously; for he did not speak; there was a look of uneasiness in Daventry's face, as though he were at a loss how to begin.

"What did you mean by saying that you knew why I had come?" he asked.

She gave a little enigmatical smile.

"Perhaps after all I had better leave it to you to explain your reason for forcing yourself upon me," she said.

She did not ask him to sit down; stood in the fading light of the autumn afternoon, never taking her eyes off him. The light from the fire of logs burning in the low well grate, with its turquoise blue tiles, played redly on the shimmering satin of the costume that set off her figure to superb ad-

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vantage; glittered on the jewelled shoulder straps, and lent a deeper tint to the warm ivory of the soft rounded arms and the gleaming whiteness of the shoulders that rose from the fur and lace of the low-cut gown. He faced her, ill at ease, nervously twisting his hat in his hands; at once this proud figure dressed as a princess might be robbed—this woman whose imperious eyes flashed their scorn upon him—be that innocent, inexperienced girl he had once deluded so easily?

"I—I came about Elsie," he said, watching her face furtively, trying to speak in an off-hand, casual way.

"Yes," she said calmly—but her pulses beat suddenly faster.

"I thought you might be worrying about her, perhaps, and that I might under certain circumstances help you in the search; in fact, could almost undertake to have the child restored to you."

"Then you know where Elsie is?" Janet spoke without a trace of agitation in her manner. She was an actress, and she was playing a part now.

"I—I—I have my suspicions." It was noticeable that Mr. Daventry stammered a little, and seemed to object to meeting her eyes.

"I think I do not quite understand you," Janet said, with a calmness in which was more than a hint of menace, as he would have realised it he had met her eyes. "Elsie has disappeared, and you—you, her father—say that you have your suspicions where she is, and yet will only exert yourself on the child's own own child's behalf upon certain conditions!"

"Well," he said, roughly. "I am a poor man; I can't afford to indulge in sentimental scruples. You know well enough what I mean when I speak about conditions. You must make it worth my while."

"I must make it worth your while—pay you to save your own child! But go on."

He winced before the irony of her taunt; but he said doggedly:

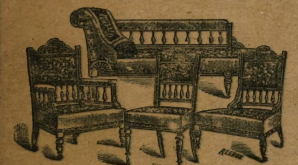
"I tell you, I can't afford the luxury of sentimental scruples. I know where Elsie is at this present moment."

"You know, you say?" she interrupted, as if in surprise; only the heaving of the bosom, that gleamed rose white in the firelight against the dead white foam of lace on the V-cut corsage, showed how great was the effort needed to curb her passionate indignation. "You know? But you only had suspicions a few minutes ago."

"Well, I know where Elsie is; that's enough. Let's drop this beating-about-the-bush. I'm a

Continued on page 9.

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BANK "HELD UP."

Burglars Dynamite a Strong Room and Steal £1,700.

The days of the bushrangers seem to have returned in Australia.

Yesterday, at Bonthill, a small post town near Melbourne, armed burglars entered a bank and carried off £1,700, including £800 in gold.

The English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank has about eighty branches throughout Australia, which are usually small houses in townships of from five to ten thousand persons; the bank staff consists of a clerk and a manager, one of whom sleeps in the house. There is seldom more than £2,000 at a time in one of these branch offices.

At the time of their entry there was no one in the bank but the clerk, who was found in bed.

Threats failed to make him betray where the keys were to be found, so the thieves gagged and bound him. Finding all their efforts to make an impression on the locks of the strong room were in vain, they at last blew the door open with a charge of dynamite, and descended with their booty in the manager's buggy.

As soon as the robbery became known police and armed citizens hastened on the track of the robbers, but failed to catch them.

As the majority of their spoils is in notes it is hoped that they will be caught in trying to change some of these.

The secretary of the London branch of the English Scottish and Australian Chartered Bank informed a *Mirror* representative that the use of dynamite for bank robberies in Australia was quite unprecedented.

"Of course," he remarked, "in the early days it was not unusual for a bank to be held up by bushrangers at night, but at the present day, with eight or nine miles of Melbourne, it must have been desperate and daring men who attempted it."

TRAIN WRECKS COTTAGES.

A remarkable railway accident has occurred near Nuneaton, when, through a collision between some empty trucks, the public road was blocked at a level crossing.

A peculiar incident was the position of two trucks on either side of the Polish railway. One had embedded itself firmly in the wall of a cottage and the other, wedged against a telegraph on the opposite side of the line.

When the former was extracted by the combined power of two engines the gable end of the house collapsed.

The other cottage suffered almost as severely. Fortunately, the tenants were not in the houses at the time, and so escaped injury and perhaps death.

AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS" MARRIED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.

The well-known Polish author, Henry Sienkiewicz, whose book, "Quo Vadis," has been translated into all languages of the world, has just married a sister of the Capuchines' Order, who belongs to the old Polish nobility, and is related to many distinguished Polish families.

The Capuchines do not compel their members to take the vow of celibacy, but they are allowed to marry, provided they first leave the Order.

Sienkiewicz is spending his honeymoon in Vienna, Florence, and Paris.

RECENT AND FAIRLY

Royal Artist Writes To Paint an English Celebrity.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.

A few privileged people—among them the *Daily Mirror* representative—were yesterday invited to the Serian Levee for the purpose of meeting the Princess Lovell-Parghy, and inspecting her latest painting, the portrait of King Peter of Serbia. In a conversation which I had with the Princess she informed me that her greatest ambition was to paint some English celebrity.

The Princess was the favourite pupil of the great Professor von Lenbach, and since his death it is recognised by the best Continental critics that his mantle has fallen upon Princess Lovell-Parghy. It would be impossible to communicate all the distinguished personalities who have sat to her, but her "subjects" have included the Emperor William, the late King of Saxony, Prince Bismarck, and Field-Marshal von Moltke.

When she leaves the French capital she will go to Berlin to paint the portrait of the Crown Prince of Germany.

A reproduction of the picture and a portrait of the painter will be found on page 6.

WHO IS IT?

Yesterday's nameless picture will be found on page 7. It represents a lady whom our readers should find no difficulty in identifying. Replies, by letter or postcard, should be addressed to Picture Puzzle Department, 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C. and must be received at this office not later than noon to-morrow. To the writer of the first correct reply then opened the prize of one guinea will be awarded. The name of the winner will be announced on Friday.

Owing to the fact that the subject of our nameless picture on Monday has raised an objection to our publishing her photograph, we do not give her name. A prize of one guinea for identifying her has, however, been awarded to Mr. Alfred Walker, of Sharp, Walker, and Co., 259, High Holborn, London, W.C.; and to any reader who is curious on the subject we will communicate the name privately by letter.

The award for yesterday's "Who is it?" picture will be announced to-morrow.

DIED FOR HER HUSBAND.

VIENNA, Tuesday.

The little village of Alto-Hangony, near Rimasombat, has just been the scene of a distressing family tragedy. A man named Elias, who had been one of the richest inhabitants of the village, lost all he had through un lucky speculations, and becoming very worried repeatedly endeavoured to take his life.

Yesterday he seized his gun, and as his wife tried to dissuade him he called out to her, "Let me die, or you shall go to death yourself." Not in the least intimidated, she still approached him, when he fired, and the devoted woman fell dead to the ground.

PIANO PLAYERS SMOKED OUT.

COLOGNE, Tuesday.

Hans Drucker, a student studying for an examination, found study impossible as the piano in the flat below him was played morning, noon, and night.

He in despair bored a hole in the floor and by means of a glass tube filled the room below with the fumes of an evil-smelling chemical. After three days he was charged with committing a nuisance and fined 30s. This he cheerfully paid, as the three days' quiet had enabled him to pass his examination.

1,000 BEAUTIES.

Show Dogs Which Earn Fame and Prizes in Their Owners.

Among the 1,000 beauties at the Bulldog Exhibition at Battersea Park, today two dogs stood out prominently. Mahomet, the property of Mr. J. Duncan, which took first prize in the open class, weighs over 50 lb., and possesses all these beautiful qualities of shortness of nose, turn-up of underjaw, big ribs, small ears, and short tail which go to make a show bulldog. His price, according to the programme, is £1,000.

The second prize-winner of fame is Heath Baromet, the property of Mr. E. A. Mills, and bred by Mr. Harry Edwards, who bred the best bulldog ever known, Rodney Stone, recently sold to an American millionaire for £21,000. Heath Baromet, in the opinion of many, will one day be as good a dog as Rodney Stone.

Among the toys Lady Sarah Wilson exhibited a sturdy, affectionate little animal named Brooksby Nobs. A pathetic note is to be found in the catalogue against Brooksby Nobs' name. It reads: "Sire, unknown; dam, unknown; breeder, unknown; born, unknown." Nevertheless, Brooksby Nobs yesterday regarded his much-pedigreed companions with equanimity, and the world generally with a smile on his ugly face.

The number of entries is 184.

VIPERS SENT BY PARCEL POST.

A chest arrived two days ago at Eisenstein, Bohemia, containing twenty living vipers. Two of the dangerous reptiles escaped, through faulty packing, but fortunately before they did any harm they were discovered and killed.

Do send for a Free Trial of "Antezema" the wonderful cure for Eczema, skin irritation, and all forms of skin disease, whether on the face, arms, or legs. A valuable booklet, "Skin Troubles," is also sent post free in return for a stamped envelope to-day containing this paper, to the Antezema Company, London, N.W. 4, and a guarantee at the beginning of next season.

Order early before prices rise with weather. State age and say whether for Lady or Gent, and if Wides, Medicine, or Cream, or Ointment.

All orders despatched by next post.

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7	8	1	13	

Each one of the above three lines of figures spells the name of a great city in England. This is a brain puzzle, and can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet. We have used only sixteen of these letters. When you have made out the names of these three cities, write them plainly on a post card, and send it to us, and you will hear from us. We will send you a gold sovereign on the envelope to solve the puzzle. Do not delay. Address: ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO., 24 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

N.B.—Remember a post card to America requires 1d. stamp. NOTHING more than address to be written on one side and your solution on the other.

AMAZONS IN HYDE PARK.

Fashion of Ladies Riding Astride Has Arrived.

The oft-predicted and much-discussed has come to pass—the fashion of women riding astride has arrived in London; it is only remaining to be seen how long the innovation will survive, and whether leaders of society will give it their countenance.

Yesterday morning, when half the world and his wife were enjoying the sunshine in Rotten Row, in automobile and carriage, on horseback and on foot, a strange cavalcade came in sight.

Mounted on a big brown horse was the barly-red-faced riding-master of the novelist, and following him on ponies were a bevy of golden-haired little girls, all riding astride.

They wore simple sailor frocks with full pleated skirts and white blouses, while Panama hats, with broad dark blue ribbons, adorned their curly hair, which bobbed about gaily when they commenced to trot.

There was nothing ungraceful in the costume. Even the biggest of the girls, who must have been quite ten years old, looked charming, and had an enviable seat on her saddle.

Completely at their ease, none of the youthful equestrians seemed to notice the curious stares which followed them.

Two little children of Sery-les-Mézeries near St. Quentin, yesterday entered a house, took a sleeping baby from its bed, put it in a sack, and threw it into a tub of water. The child was drowned.

FOLDING PANAMAS! FROM 4/6.

West End Style and Quality in Our Gold Weather Prices.

FINEST CURACAO-MADE PANAMAS, wide stripes and tall crowns, only 4s. Postage 3d. Worth double.

BEST GENUINE PANAMAS, Pine Green, with stripes. Exactly the same as sold in the West End Shops for 25s. Price only 10s. Post Free, in special Hat Box.

SUPERIOR QUALITY PANAMAS, Union Wove, Finest Goods. Cash Price 17s. These Hats fetched as much as 4s and 5s a crown at the beginning of last season.

Order early before prices rise with weather. State age and say whether for Lady or Gent, and if Wides, Medicine, or Cream, or Ointment.

All orders despatched by next post.

IMPERIAL SUPPLY STORES, 4-12, Crompton-st. Newington Butts, London.

STAGE-STRUCK. (From Page 8.)

poor man; you're coining money"—he looked round the room with a sort of sullen rage; a room filled with costly comfort; the old Chipendale furniture, the bronzes, the Limoges enamel, the prints—everything meant money.

"Well," Janet said calmly, "I was thinking of offering a reward, a large reward"—his eyes glistened—"for the recovery of my child to anyone except, of course," slowly, "the actual scoundrel who kidnapped her. When could Elsie be brought to me? I should, of course, pay nothing until I saw her—know that she was safe."

"I could bring Elsie here to you within the hour!" he cried eagerly.

She was yielding, he told himself exultingly. She was willing to pay a large reward—to anyone, she said, except the actual person who had abducted the child. And Janet need never know who that person was; no doubt she would be too glad to get Elsie safely back to insist on knowing.

She was yielding. He might have known that her indifference was only a mask; though she tried to hide it she was desperate in her anxiety to discover Elsie. "I could bring Elsie here within the hour!"

"But you have not told me yet where the child is, and who took her away. The scoundrel shall be prosecuted, of course," looking hard at him.

Daventry looked uneasy. Her business-like manner disconcerted him.

"Oh, but that is impossible," he cried. "It's too long a story to explain now, but—But Elsie's safety depends on the culprit being allowed to go unpunished. I—I have given my word."

It was a lame story—how lame it was he realised as he uttered it; he had never expected that question; he had expected to have to deal with a woman distracted to desperation by fear, who would not think of such matters until after the child was safely back in her arms, when he could easily have concocted some plausible story. But, to his surprised relief, she let it pass, as though she accepted his explanation.

"But you can bring Elsie in an hour?" she asked. "You can promise me that definitely?"

"Yes," eagerly.

"And you are still resolved that you will only restore me my child in return for a money payment?"

"You have promised a reward, and I am a poor man; surely my trouble is worth something, and the allaying of your anxiety. I deserve something, surely?" he said in gloating triumph. His castle of cards was going to stand!

For a moment Janet did not reply. She touched the electric bell.

"Yes, you deserve something," she said slowly, "and I intend to see that you get—it—your deserts." There was a certain significance in the simple sentence; a menace in the words, that made Herbert Daventry suddenly uneasy—so uneasy that he cried, "Why did you ring? What did you mean?"

She did not answer. He watched her face with a dawning anxiety. The maid answered the summons.

"North," said Janet to the maid, very distinctly, "will you go down to the hall porter and ask him to bring a constable here at once—"

Dave try's face dropped; a greyish pallor overspread it. The house of cards was falling!

"You don't mean—" he began.

"I assure you that I am not not given to idle threats," she said coldly. "I was only waiting till you showed your hand. You understand, North?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid was going, after glancing curiously at her mistress's disreputable visitor.

"Stop!" cried Daventry hoarsely. "There's no need. I—I—"

Janet looked at him intently.

"I am not a woman to be trifled with; understand that," she said. She turned to the maid. "You need not fetch a police constable at present, North, but if I should ring the bell you will understand that you are to go at once for one. There will be no occasion to come to this room; go straight for a constable if I ring the bell. You can understand?"

"Very good, ma'am." The maid withdrew.

"What do you mean by—by threatening to drag the police into this affair?" he cried, trying to bluster; but he was very white. His house of cards had fallen at a breath. "I—I told you that the man who kidnapped the child—"

She interrupted him scornfully; she could not maintain the mask of indifference any longer; how she hated this man! She cried:

"Be honest; your lies will not avail you; you do not deceive me. I know—I knew from the moment that you came to this flat that you had stolen Elsie away. Would your story deceive a child? You stole Elsie. My God, I wonder if there is a more living creature walking this earth than you—willing to torture a mother's heart in order to extort money by preying on her fears!" she cried passionately.

He quailed before the storm of her passionate words; she looked superb in her righteous anger;

her eyes blazed as they rested on him. And the threat of the law cowed him; he had been in the law's clutches before. He often thought with a shudder of remembrance of that cell at Holloway, the exercise yard. He had been a fool to show his hand; he had been deceived by her seeming surrender into over-confidence. He said sulkily:

"Well, you should have treated me better. You can't deny I'm your husband. You shouldn't have given me the cold shoulder, all because of a little peccadillo. I have feelings like other men. Even a worm will turn." He spoke in nervous, staccato sentences. "No harm that I can see in a chill going off for a day or two with his father—"

Swiftly the words leapt out from her lips: "Then you admit you stole the child?"

"If you'd only treated me fairly, this would never have happened—you drove me to it," he whined. "You live in luxury; you're a success, run after, fêted, whilst I—"

"You have not been treated fairly—you?" she demanded, with an emphasis of scorn. "What have you ever deserved of good fortune? When have you had a clean honest thought, or tried to live decently? You've never gone straight, never! You tricked me into marrying you by lies; you plundered those poor stage-struck girls through your lies. Well, you have always been a liar."

"You whine to your friends that it was through you I attained my success, and that I have nevertheless turned my back on you; lies again, always lies! You did nothing for me—but help me to dig a gulf between myself and my old life that will never be bridged; you helped me to do that! You are content to live on a woman's earnings, to slander and vilify her, to steal her child that you may work upon her fears—and then you whine that you've never been treated fairly! My God, is the looking-glass of your soul so distorted that when you look into it you see black as white, foulness reproduced as clean living, as decency or merit? Can't you realise the crooked, ugly standards by which you rule your life, that you pose as being ill-used, a martyr, when Fate has not exacted one-tenth of the penalty that you deserve? Your life has deserved! But words are wasted on you. Where is my child?"

He stood silent now, as he had stood silent under the lash of her scorn, looking at her evilly, as though even now he was summoning up courage to defy her.

"You are foolish to exhaust my patience," she said, after a pause. "But it is immaterial whether you voluntarily reveal to me where Elsie is, or are compelled to do so to the police. I think a jury would not have much mercy on a man with your past."

Janet moved across to the bell, and his eyes watched her. Once she touched that bell the maid would go straight down and bring up a constable; she would give him a charge; he looked at her face and understood that it was no idle threat to frighten him. A jury would have much consideration for the way he had been ill-used, he told himself; a jury was always down on a man when a pretty woman was plaintiff; and, after all, it might perhaps be proved that he had broken the law. He went quickly forward.

"Stop!" he cried breathlessly. "There's no need for any bother. The kid's safe enough. I'll bring her to you—"

Janet paused, her finger still on the button of the electric bell.

"No," she said, "I can't trust you. I'll go with you, and we'll go now, at once. Only if any harm has befallen my child—"

She did not finish the sentence. She turned her face away. She knew now, this man, to know that, for the first time during their interview, she was in danger of breaking down.

They went down into the street together. The hall porter called a cab, and they drove silently through the darkening streets to Bloomsbury; scarcely a word was spoken throughout the long drive.

The cab turned out of Oxford-street into the Tottenham Court-road, then bore off to the right. They reached the drab, back street at last; the name on the wall of the corner house lent out to Janet's eyes in a high, old-fashioned, bringing a flash of sudden remembrance. It was to this street, to this same lodging-house that she had come on the day after her husband's arrest to burn those compromising letters; it was inside the house before whose dingy doorway they were stopping now. Those letters had been killed in the moment the faith in her husband's innocence of the charge, which hitherto she had let nothing shake.

Daventry jumped down, leaving Janet in the cab; running up the steps, he opened the door with his latchkey, and passed inside.

Janet waited. She sat, her pulses beating fast. To another moment, she told herself, her child would be clasped in her arms.

She waited impatiently whilst the moments passed; she could hear voices speaking within; then Daventry emerged alone, with a face that had suddenly grown colourless.

"Elsie's gone," he cried, in hoarse tones. He was trembling with fear—a selfish fear for himself.

"Gone? What do you mean?" Janet clutched his wrist; her voice was sharp with a note of agony and dread.

"Elsie's vanished!—goodness knows where!"

To be continued to-morrow.







of play were all but prospects of an easy victory.  
The ent. score and space —

First Innings	Second Innings
Winnell, c. Barbery b	c. Cottell b. T. Anson
T. Anson	c. Worsley b. Barbery
Devey, lbw b. Barbery	
J. F. Byrne, c. T. Aldesley	

Second Innings	
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99	99
100	100

Extras .....	21	Extras .....	103
Total .....	199	Total 14 wks	103
LANCASHIRE.			
B. H. Spooner, B. Moorhouse .....	75	Halks, B. Moorhouse .....	7
F. H. Hollins, C. Fishwick B. Moorhouse .....	18	A. H. Hornby, C. Har- greave B. Moorhouse .....	17
Tydesley, B. Santall .....	26	Cuttell, C. Lilley B. Moor- house .....	12
W. H. Fishwick .....	22	W. Hargreave, run out .....	0
Sharp, C. Kinnier B. Moor- house .....	22	Worsley, not out .....	0
		Extras .....	19

house .....	72		
I'Anson, c		Byrne b	
Whittle	29		
		Total .....	300

Horne	72	Total	500
Alanson	72		
Whittle	29		

**BOWLING ANALYSIS.**

Waggoners' First Innings.

	m.	r.	w.		m.	r.	w.	
L'Anson	29	12	60	4	Brerley	25	7	60
Cuttsell	9	23	0	4	Hewes	16	8	24

Brerley bowled a wide and no-ball.

**YORKSHIRE WINNING.**

Although Yorkshire at one time lost wickets quickly in the second innings at Stratford, they eventually recovered the wickets and at the close had the game with Leicestershire well in hand.

Present score and analysis.

YORKSHIRE.				LEICESTERSHIRE.						
First Innings.				Second Innings.						
Reuben	4	King	20	7	c r.	1	Crawford	6	Gill	7

b R. T. Crawford ....	85	c Whiteside b Gill ....	12
Denton, c Whitehead, b			

b R. T. Crawford	85	c Whiteside b Gill	12
Denton, c Whitehead, b			
Gill	30	c Whiteside b Gill	20
White, c Whitehead			
T. Crawford	76	c Whitehead b Odell	25
Myers, at Whiteside b R.			
Crawford	19	c Whitehead b Gill	4
Rhodes, c R. T. Crawford			
b Odell	16	c King b Gill	0
Rothery, b R. T. Crawford			
b Odell	16	c King b R. T. Crawford	50
Huish, c Whiteside b			
Gill	24	b Gill	2
Whitehead, c Whiteside b			
Gill	63		

Lord Hawke, King ..	11	not out .....	51
Singrose, b King .....	14	not out .....	16
Hunter, not out .....	13		

C. E. De Trafford	c	King, b Rhodes		10
Rothley, b Hirst		Coe, c Lord Hawke	b	6
C. J. Wood, c Tanni-		Mayer		17
Kilgus, b Ringrose		Gill, c Mayer		18
Knight, c Crawford,	30	W. Odell, c Hunter	b	13
V. F. S. Crawford,		Ringrose		6

First .....	23	Whiteside, & Tunncliffe	
Whitehead, not out ....	62	b Rhodes .....	7
R. T. Crawford, c Rhodes		Extras .....	2

First .....	23	Whithead, c Tunncliffe .....	7
Whitehead, not out .....	25	b Rhodes .....	2
R. T. Crawford, c Rhodes .....	17	Extras .....	2
b Ringrose .....	17	Total .....	196

**BOWLING ANALYSIS.**  
**YORKSHIRE.—First Innings.**

	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Odd .....	38	12	107	1	Coe .....	2	1	5	0

King	.....	30	8	82	3	R. Crawford	26	14	48	4
Gill	.....	19	2	69	2					

King .....	30	8	52	3	H. Crawford ..	26	14	48	4
Gill .....	29	1	52	3					
<b>1. TEST-MERE. First Innings.</b>									
Hirst .....	13	3	40	3	Rhodes .....	17	7	33	2
Ringrose .....	11	1	45	3	Myers .....	6	0	28	2
Hugh .....	11	2	46	0					

Full score and analysis:—

M.C.C. AND GROUND.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Capt. Wynyard, b. Blythe	8	b. Fielder	7
L. J. Tancock, st. Hulsh			
b. Fairmaire	45	b. Blythe	24
Tancock, b. Fielder	2	b. Fielder	24
P. Mitchell, b. Fielder	4	b. Blythe	7
C. P. Foley, c. Seymour			
b. Fairmaire	27	b. Fielder	7
G. H. Shepherd			
Fielder	48	b. Fielder	

Trott, b Hearne	43	c Fairservice, b A Hearne	11
E. A. Halliwell, c Mur-			
rell b Fielder	2	c and b A Hearne	7

Trott, b Hearne	43	c Fairservice, b A Hearne	11
E. A. Halliwell, c Mur-		c and b A Hearne	7
rell b Fielder	2		
Sir A. Conan Doyle, b			
Hearne	0	not out	5
H. J. T. J. Prichard,	6	c Huish b A Hearne	43
not out	5		
Extras	6	b Baker	5
		Extras	43
Total	201	Total	106

**KENT.**

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hearne (b), b Shestone	4	b Hesketh-Prichard	29
Humphreys, b Prichard,	10	c Halliwell b Prichard	4

Seymour lbw b Shepstone	0	b Prichard	0
O. H. B. Marsham, c			
Mitchell b Hearne	21	b Prichard	0

Seymour ibw b Shepstone	0	b Prichard	0
O. H. B. Marsham, c			
Mitchell b Hearne	71	b Prichard	0
Hardinge, c and b			
Prichard	16	c Foley b Prichard	0
H. Z. Baker, b Hearne	13	c Halliwell b Hearne	6
Murrell, c Shepstone b			
Prichard	32	c Halliwell b Prichard	0
Huish, b Hearne	9	not out	30
Palmerice, run out	12	c Tarrant b Hearne	11

Blythe, c and b Trott ..	0	b Hearne .....	1
Fielder, not out .....	0	b Shepstone .....	6
Extras .....	10	Extras .....	13

Blythe, c and 6 frock ..	0	8	Hearne ..	1	1
Fielder ..	0	0	8	Shapstone ..	1
Extras ..	10		8	Extras ..	13
Total ..	177		Total ..	96	

**BOWLING ANALYSIS.**  
**M.C.C. and Ground—First Innings.**

		<b>M. R. W.</b>		<b>O.</b>	<b>B.</b>	<b>R.</b>
Fielder ..	22	5	67	2	0	43
Blythe ..	24	7	53	2	1	35

**Second Innings.**

Fielder ..	23	7	41	4	A. Hearne ..	8	3	22
Blythe ..	17	7	27	1	Baker ..	2	4	0

Fielder delivered two m-balls.

**Kent—First Innings.**

		<b>M. R. W.</b>		<b>O.</b>	<b>B.</b>	<b>R.</b>		
Prichard ..	16	5	42	3	Tarrant ..	8	1	36
Shapstone ..	9	1	19	2	Hearne (J. T.) ..	10	2	24
Twist ..	1	0	1	0				

Prichard bowled one m-ball.

		Second Innings.					
Prichard ....	11	3	23	6	Shepstone ..	4.5	0 16 1
Hearne (L.T.)	14	3	47	3			

Richard ..	11	3	47	3	Shiptone ..	4.5	0	16	1
Hearne (J T) ..	14	3	47	3					

Richard bowled four no-balls.

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### BRISK BATTING BY COLTS.

Some capital batting was seen at Nottingham yesterday when the match between the Notts. Colts and Yorks. Colts was resumed. The Yorks. total for five hours and a quarter was 496 for seven wickets (declared). In their second innings Notts. Colts made 160 for the loss

of four wickets. The match was drawn when the home team was still 34 runs behind. The scores were—Notts: First innings: 309; second innings: 160 (for four

A close match was seen in the third round of the Parliamentary Golf Tournament, on the Prince's Club links at Mitcham yesterday, between Mr. C. E. Hambro, M.P. (plus 4), and Mr. Emsley Carr, Press agent for the Prince of Wales (plus 5). The match was drawn when the score was still 34 runs behind. The scores were: Hambro: First innings, 302; second innings, 160 (for four wickets). Yorks: First innings, 496 (for seven wickets); second innings, 160 (for four wickets). The principal scores for Yorks were: R. S. Leather, 167; H. Grimshaw, 118; F. G. Crossland, 75; and J. Rodgers, 61. In the North second innings White and Stocks made 55 and 51 respectively.

but Mr. Carr, who received 7 strokes, won the re-played tie by 1 hole. On the same course also in the third

but Mr. Carr, who received 7 strokes, won the re-played tie by 1 hole. On the same course also in the third round Dr. Macnamara, M.P. (handicap 16), receiving 3 strokes, beat Mr. J. H. Campbell, M.P. (42), by 2 holes up and 1 to play.

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And you'll get it. For the asking shows that you know what you want. Likewise the dealer knows that there is no other blend of Scotch Whisky that is as good or tastes as "rare and velvety," and so will not try to impose any other kind upon you.

MACKIE'S WHITE HORSE SCOTCH WHISKY has been largely distilled and matured at the Lagavulin Distillery since 1742, and that in itself is guarantee that it is good old whisky when it leaves there for the market.

The distillers sell only to the trade, but you can get it in London from



all the first-class hotel and cafe keepers, as well as from the responsible merchants and grocers.

The asking for MACKIE'S WHISKY will be left entirely to have determined in future to rely alone upon the quality to maintain their trade. After that date they will cease all expensive advertising, preferring to give the present high quality upon which to stake their reputation, which MACKIE'S "WHITE HORSE" WHISKY has been making for them even before the Rebellion of '45.

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The Berkeley Hotel	The Savoy Hotel.
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